



# THE LIBERTY "76" BOYS OF 76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, February 4, 1901, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 92.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE LIBERTY BOYS "TREED";

### OR, WARM WORK IN THE TALL TIMBER.

By HARRY MOORE



"It's about time your career was brought to an end, then!" exclaimed Dick, and with the words he whipped out two pistols and leveled them at the astonished trio. "Hold on, there! What do you mean?" the gambler cried, starting back, and dropping his hand upon the butt of his pistol.



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## CHAPTER I.

### A DESPERATE LEAP.

"We have the rebel, now."

"He won't be able to escape us."

"Close in on him, boys."

"Don't give him a chance to get back past us."

"Oh, he is as good as captured, even now."

An exciting scene.

On a high bank of the Savannah River, on the South Carolina side, and about ten miles from Savannah, was a young man of perhaps twenty years. He was mounted on a magnificent black horse, and the two made a fine picture as they faced toward the enemy, consisting of a score of British dragoons who were spread out, fan-shape, and slowly but surely approaching nearer and nearer.

It was the month of September of the year 1779, and the British were in possession of Savannah. The dragoons had encountered the stranger youth on the highway, and had called upon him to tell who he was and where he was from, and where bound for; the young man had done so, but his answers had not been satisfactory, and the dragoons had decided to make a prisoner of him and take him to Savannah. When they attempted to do this, however, the stranger youth had resisted, and had fired two pistol-shots, emptying two saddles, and had burst through their ranks like a whirlwind and dashed away. They had given chase, and as the fugitive had taken a side-road, which led him deeper and deeper into the timber, they had followed in the hope that they would manage in some way to capture the daring young horseman, and the result was that the fugitive was finally brought to bay on the bank of the Savannah River.

There was no chance to escape up or down the stream, and the troopers had spread out, and formed a half-circle round the horseman, and as they advanced they had given expression to the remarks given at the beginning of this story.

"Jove, it does look a bit blue for me," said the lone horseman, with a somewhat anxious look on his handsome face. "Those rascally redcoats seem bent on capturing me. And it really looks as if they would succeed, for there is only one possible way for me to evade them, and that is by making Major take the leap over the bluff. As it is thirty feet, at least, to the water, and no knowing whether or not the water is deep enough to break the fall, that would be very dangerous. Still, I believe I will risk it, rather than let them capture me."

He turned his head and looked down at the water so far below, and then again glanced toward the redcoats.

"Yes, I'll risk it," with determination, and turning the horse's head toward the river, the young man patted the animal on the neck, and said:

"Good Major. Noble old fellow! Are you good for the leap into the river?"

There was a whinny from the horse, and settling himself firmly in the saddle, the young man glanced over his shoulder, saw that the redcoats were on the point of firing upon him, and with a reassuring word, he urged the noble black horse forward.

The animal seemed to know that a desperate feat was to be performed, but he did not falter. At the word from his master he leaped boldly out from the bluff, and went sailing downward, like some huge, four-legged, wingless bird.

Splash! the horse struck the water, and went clear under, the water coming to the rider's waist. Then up the horse came, and expelling the water from his nostrils with a snort, the beast struck out bravely and swam straight out into the stream.

When the redcoats saw what the fugitive was going to do they uttered cries of anger, and attempted to level their muskets and fire, but the horse and rider disappeared before they could fire, and all that was left was for them to spur their own horses up to the river bank. This they did, and when they reached the edge of the bluff they saw the horse and rider fifty yards distant out in the river, ap-



parently uninjured, for the horse was swimming lustily, and the rider sat the animal with the same ease and grace that had characterized him so far.

"Fire!" roared the leader of the party of dragoons. "Don't let the scoundrel escape! Fill him so full of lead that when he drops off the horse he will sink, and never come to the surface again."

The troopers leveled their muskets and fired a volley, but their shots for the most part failed to carry the distance, and the few bullets that did reach that far did no damage.

The rider turned in his saddle, and waving his hand, gave utterance to a shout of derision and defiance.

"If you can't do better shooting than that you had better save your powder and bullets," he cried.

"Oh, the saucy rebel," cried the redcoat leader. "I'd give a pound note to have him in my clutches just now."

"He's a daring fellow," said one.

"He is for a fact," from another. "He is the most daring scoundrel that I have ever seen."

"I more than half believe he is some noted rebel spy," said the leader.

"I should not be surprised, captain," agreed one. "He must be an old hand, or he would never have had the audacity to attempt to make his escape from us in the first place."

"That's right, and I wish that we had succeeded in capturing him."

"Are you going to give up the affair, now?"

"What else can I do?" half-angrily.

"I don't know."

"There is only one thing that we could do, so far as I can see, and that would be to follow him in the leap over the bluff. How many of you wish to do that? All who do please hold up your hands."

Not a hand went up.

"I thought so," with grim sarcasm. "I know I am not at all eager to take my life in my hands in that fashion, and I did not think that many of you would wish to do so."

"Any one of us might do it to save our lives, or to escape capture, as was the case with the rebel, but I don't see that we are called upon to do it simply to try to make a capture."

"But couldn't we find a place a ways up or down the river, where the bank is not so high?" asked one.

"We might do so," the captain said. "Follow me, men. We will head down the river, and if we find a place where we can get into the water without having to make such a leap, we will enter and go after the scoundrel."

The redcoats rode down the river bank, keeping as near the edge of the bluff as they could, and for the most part they were where they could see the daring fugitive, and could see that the horse was still swimming strongly.

The river at this point widened greatly, and was seemingly half a mile in width, and it was this way for a couple of miles up and down.

The horse and rider were now nearly halfway across the stream, and the young man was beginning to congratulate himself on having escaped, when his quick eyes detected something on the opposite shore which caused him to give vent to an exclamation of discomfiture.

"Great guns! there is a party of redcoats on the other side of the river," were the words he gave utterance to. "There is a score at least of them, and if I land there I will be captured of a certainty. If I turn back it will be to be shot by the redcoats who were chasing me. And now, what shall I do?"

## CHAPTER II.

### A MAN, A GIRL, AND AN ISLAND.

"Look! look! father!"

"Where, my child?"

"Yonder, over on the high bluff, half a mile up the river on the right hand shore."

"Ah, I see. It is a horseman."

"Yes, so it is. I wonder what he is doing there?"

"I don't know, Lucy."

It was the same afternoon of which we have just been writing. On the north end of a small island of perhaps five acres, lying midway of the river, at a point half mile farther down stream than the point where the lone horseman could be seen on the bluff, stood two persons—one an old man, bent and decrepit-looking, the other a beautiful maiden of perhaps eighteen years.

The two were sheltered from the sight of any one who might be looking in their direction by a fringe of bushes growing along the shore of the island. Farther back were good-sized trees.

The two watched the lone horseman with no small degree of interest, for it was an unusual sight, the river at this point being well away from the highways running toward Savannah.

"I wonder who the man can be, father?" in a musings tone.



"Nard to say, Lucy."

"He is not a redcoat, that is plain."

"True. At any rate, he does not wear the British uniform."

"No, and that is pretty good proof."

"So it is. The redcoats are rarely seen without the scarlet coats and brilliant trappings."

"He may be a Tory."

"Yes, that is possible."

"But somehow, I—look, father!—look!"

The girl pointed eagerly and excitedly as she uttered the exclamations.

"Ha! he has forced his horse to leap over the bluff!"

"So he has!—and see, he is safe. The horse is a magnificent animal, and made the leap successfully."

"So it did. I would never have believed that the feat could be performed without killing horse or rider, or both."

"Nor I."

"There must have been some powerful incentive, or the man would not have forced his horse to make such a dangerous leap."

"You are right, father. Ah!—look there!"

A score of horsemen had suddenly appeared on the bluff where but a few moments before had been the lone horseman.

"Redcoats," exclaimed the old man. "Ha! I understand now. The stranger is a patriot, and was pursued by the redcoats. He was hemmed in on the bluff, and had to make the leap or submit to capture."

"You are right, father, and—goodness! they have fired volley."

"But did no damage, Lucy."

"I believe you are right."

"Yes, for see, the fugitive turns in his saddle and waves his hand."

"Yes, and he is yelling in defiance, father," eagerly and excitedly exclaimed the girl. "Oh, but he must be a brave man."

"There is little doubt on that score, Lucy. None but a brave man would have risked the plunge over the bluff. He took the risk of death rather than submit to capture."

"That horse is a splendid animal, father."

"He must be, Lucy; he swims very rapidly."

"Yes, he will have no difficulty in swimming across the river."

"So I think. But see, the redcoats are riding down the shore of the river."

"They are going in search of a place where they can

enter the river, to go in pursuit, father. They did not fancy taking the plunge over the bluff."

"You are right. Well, they will find a place a half mile down the stream, but that will make them lose enough time so that the stranger can easily escape."

"Yes, father, and—but, look there! Goodness! he will not escape, after all."

"Why not, Lucy? What is it?"

"There is another band of redcoats, on the other shore of the river."

"Say you so, Lucy."

"Yes, yes."

"I cannot see them; but my eyes are not so good as yours."

"I see them very plainly."

"How many are there, do you think?"

"There must be a score, at least."

"Too bad. Then the young stranger will not make his escape, after all."

"I fear not, father. Goodness. I wish that I might warn him of his danger. He has not seen them, and seems to have no suspicion that—ah! yes he does! He sees them, I am confident, for he has stopped, and is swimming his horse around and around in a small circle, evidently at a loss to know what to do."

When the horseman discovered that there were redcoats on the farther shore of the river, he brought his horse to a stop, and then, in order to have time to think what he should do, he guided the animal, and kept him swimming gently around and around in a circle.

"Now what shall I do?" he asked himself, a sober look on his handsome face. "Dick Slater, my boy, it looks very much as if you were in a tight place."

He looked back toward the shore he had left, and saw the redcoats riding down the river bank.

"They are hunting for a place where they can enter the river, and come in pursuit," he said to himself. "And the scoundrels on the other shore will lie in wait for me there. I don't see that I have much chance for my life, under the existing circumstances."

It was indeed Dick Slater, the famous young scout, spy, and captain of "The Liberty Boys of '76." He and his company of "Liberty Boys" were in the South, for the purpose of doing all they could to aid the patriot army and patriots in general, and on this afternoon Dick had started out on a tour of investigation, leaving the youths in camp in a beautiful little glen amid the tall trees of the heavy forest. He had, as we have seen, encountered the party of



British dragoons, and the rest has been told, up to the present moment.

After looking first at the redcoats on one shore, and then at those on the other, Dick looked up the river, and then down it. As he looked down the stream he gave a start.

"There's an island," he exclaimed. "I will head down toward it, and make a landing, and wait and see what the redcoats do. They will probably swim out to the island, but if I can keep them away till dark, I may be able to make my escape by slipping out through their lines."

Dick turned the horse's head downstream, and urged the animal forward.

"Go on, Major, old fellow," he said, patting the animal on the neck. "You have done nobly, so far, and we will soon be on solid land again, in spite of the redcoats."

The intelligent animal uttered a whinny, as much as to say: "I understand, young master, and will do my best." As they moved down the stream, there came the sound of yelling, and Dick saw the redcoats on the farther shore moving southward, evidently bent on keeping even with him.

"Oh, yes, you scoundrels!" the youth murmured. "Yell, if it will do you any good—which I doubt. You haven't captured me yet."

Down the stream they moved, and slowly but surely they drew nearer to the island. Dick was interested in this island, and kept his eyes on it, with an occasional glance at either shore, to see what the redcoats were doing.

"That's quite a nice little island," he said to himself, as he drew nearer, "but it isn't large enough, I fear, to afford me a hiding-place from the redcoats if they come off from the shore and search for me."

However, he said to himself that it was a case of "any port in a storm," and this was better than no haven at all.

"It will give me a brief respite, at least," he said to himself, "and I will have a little more time in which to ponder the situation and decide upon my future course."

Nearer and nearer horse and rider drew to the island, and when they were within fifty yards of the north end the youth was surprised to hear a sweet, musical feminine voice call out:

"This way, sir. Head right in here, and you will be able to make a landing without difficulty."

### CHAPTER III.

SIR HENRY NETHERSOLE.

We will, with the author's privilege, go back three days.

We will introduce the reader into Savannah, which was in the hands of the British at that time.

In one of the best rooms of one of the best taverns in Savannah were seated two men. One was well dressed, and not unhandsome for a man of his years, he being at least fifty years of age. His face was round and florid, showing that the owner had always been a good liver, and it was a typical English face, the beard being worn in the English style. The other man looked and dressed like a serving man, and indeed he was the other's valet, for the first described man was Sir Henry Nethersole, a rich and titled Englishman.

The gentleman, just at the time we introduce him to the notice of the reader, was greatly excited. His florid face was even more florid than was customary, and his eyes shone eagerly.

"Barnes," he said, his voice trembling with eagerness and excitement. "I am sure that I have this day seen Harrison Lemayne!"

"Here in Savannah, sir?" remarked the valet, in surprise.

"Yes, right here in Savannah."

"Well, that is good, sir."

"So it is, so it is, Barnes; for if he is here, then it is possible that I shall learn the whereabouts of my darling, long-lost child, Marguerite."

"Yes, if you can get Lemayne in a corner, and force him to tell, sir," was the reply, and the tone of the valet implied doubt.

"If I can, do you say, Barnes?" was the testy reply. "Why, man, I must, I will get him into a corner, and I will make him tell what he has done with my child, or I will kill him."

"He deserves death, sir, to my way of thinking."

"And to mine, also," in a fierce tone. "He stole my baby daughter more than seventeen years ago, and fled with her from England, and never from that day till this have I laid eyes on her. The baby was nearly a year old at that time, and now, at eighteen years of age, she is, if alive, a young lady. And to think, Barnes, that I might meet her in the street and never know her."

"It is terrible to think of, sir."

"So it is. But perhaps I may meet and know her soon in a hopeful tone."

"I hope so, sir."

"The fact that I have at last found the hiding-place of Lemayne gives me hope, gives me renewed courage. Alas, but he is aged, Barnes; he doesn't look like he did seventeen years ago."

"I suppose not, sir."



"No, he has changed wonderfully, and for the worse. But I knew him. It is hard to deceive the eyes of hate."

"Do you think he saw you, sir?" asked the valet.

"He saw me, for we met face to face; but if he recognized me he gave no sign."

"And did you have any words with him?"

"Not then. I wanted to see where he stayed, and so I followed him, and tracked him to his home."

"Ah, then he lives in Savannah?"

"Yes, Barnes; I inquired regarding him, and learned that he has lived here for a period of nearly ten years."

"Well, well. And does he go under his own name?"

"No. He calls himself Morton—Hugh Morton."

"And the child—your daughter, sir; did you learn anything regarding her?"

"Not yet have I learned anything regarding her. The man who gave me the information was one who had met Lemayne—or Morton, in business transactions, but knew nothing about his home life, or whether he had a family, inmates of his home, other than himself."

"It may be that you will find your daughter there, sir,"

said Barnes, in the hope of encouraging his master.

"I hope so, I trust so, Barnes," was the eager reply.

"And I am going to find out regarding the matter this evening."

"How are you going to do it, sir?"

"I am going to go to his home, and demand admittance."

"And if he refuses?"

The other smiled. "I shall be prepared for that," grim-

ly. "I have applied for a search-writ, and will take an office

with me. If he refuses to admit me we will force our

way in, and if I find a young lady of perhaps eighteen

years I shall be convinced that she is my daughter."

"But you can never be sure of it, sir, unless Lemayne confesses, can you?"

"Yes. The child had a birthmark on her left arm, just

above the elbow. It was a crimson star, and two people

could not bear such a mark. If I find such a young lady,

with such a mark, I shall be certain that I have found my

long-lost daughter. Ah, Barnes, I hope that I may find

her."

"I hope so, sir. But I have some fears that you may be

appointed. Lemayne hated you intensely, sir, and he

may have put the child out of the way."

"True, Barnes," in a faltering voice. "Lemayne was

irate, and hated me with a bitter hatred for winning

the Throckmorton from him. Still, I will hope for the

best, Barnes; the death of my wife, soon after Marguerite

was born, should have been sufficient to cause him to not

wish for the death of the child. He was well aware of the fact that the death of my wife left me well-nigh broken-hearted."

"True, sir. It is possible that you will find your daughter, and right here in Savannah, too."

"I hope so, I pray so, Barnes."

"When are you going to see this man, sir?"

"This evening; right after dinner, Barnes."

"Will you wish me to go along, sir?"

"Yes, you may come with us, Barnes."

"Very well, sir."

This ended the conversation, but when it was time for dinner, the valet assisted his master to dress, and accompanied him down to the dining-room, where they sat at a table in an alcove, away from the main room. The valet, who was at the same time a confidential servant and companion, always ate with his master, and when they had finished and were in their rooms again, preparations were begun for the work of the evening.

"The officer will be here with the necessary search-writ at half-past six o'clock," said Sir Henry, "and I wish to be ready to go with him as soon as he comes."

"Very well, sir," said Barnes, and he assisted his master to doff his dinner suit, and don a street costume. The work had just been finished when a tavern employee brought up a card.

"Ah, the officer is here, Barnes," exclaimed Sir Henry. "Come along; we will not keep him waiting."

Sir Henry wore a belt, with sword and pistols, and as he made his way down to the waiting-room there was a stern look on his florid face. "I'll kill that scoundrel, Lemayne, if he tries any tricks with me," he said to himself. "Yes, I'll kill him, if it is the last thing I do on earth."

The officer was an alert-looking man, and after greeting Sir Henry and Barnes, he led the way out of the tavern, and down the street.

"We will soon know whether or not your daughter is with the man whom you knew as Harrison Lemayne in England, but who is known as Hugh Morton here in Savannah," said the officer.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Henry, eagerly. "That is what I wish to find out. Ah, I hope that she is with him, and that I may find her alive and well."

The house occupied by Hugh Morton—and which the officer said had been occupied by him for years—was soon reached. It was noticed that there was no sign of a light in the house, though it was rapidly growing dark, and Sir Henry experienced a queer sinking of the heart.

"Looks as if there was nobody at home," said the officer.



Sir Henry made no reply, and they advanced to the door, and the officer rapped loudly.

They waited, listening intently, but heard no sound to indicate that there was life within the house.

Again the officer knocked, and this time they heard footsteps. The footsteps were slow and shuffling, and when the door opened and revealed a fat old negress with a red turban on her head, the visitors were not surprised.

"Is your master at home, aunty?" asked the officer.

The negress shook her head. "No, he done gone erway, sah," she replied.

"Gone away, you say?"

"Yes, sah, dat's whut I done said."

"Where did he go?"

"I dunno, sah."

"Is the young mistress at home?"

Again the woman shook her head. "No, she done gone erway, too, sah."

"Humph! Did she go with Morton?"

"Yes, sah. She done went wid her daddy, sah."

"When did they go?"

"I doan t'ink dey be'n gone more'n ha'f a hour, sah."

"And you don't know which direction they went?"

"No, sah."

"What instructions did they give you when they left?"

"Wal, dey didn' giv' me no 'struckshuns in purtick'ler; but Massa Hugh he done gib me er letter w'ich he said I wuz ter gib ter a man whut would come heah."

"Gave you a letter to give to a man who was to come here, you say?" eagerly.

"Yes, sah."

"Let me see the letter," cried Sir Henry. "Let me see who it is directed to."

"Does yo' tink yo' is de man?" the negress asked.

"It is more than likely; let me see the letter."

The negress produced the letter from the bosom of her dress, and held it out toward Sir Henry, but with a show of reluctance.

"Uf hit hain't foah yo', yo' mustn' open hit," she said.

"You need have no fears on that score, my good woman—ah, just as I expected. It is for me, sure enough. See," holding it so the superscription could be seen by the officer, "it is addressed to Sir Henry Nethersole, and that is my name."

"Den hit is foah yo', suah enuff?" asked the negress.

"Yes, yes. I will see what the letter contains," and Sir Henry opened it and by the faint remaining light of day was enabled to make out the lines. They were few, and read as follows:

"To Sir Henry Nethersole:

"I recognized you to-day, and have gone where you will never be able to find me. Your daughter is with me, and she thinks she is my daughter, and loves me as a father loved by their own daughter. She will never call you father, rest assured of that, and I am satisfied, more than satisfied, Sir Henry Nethersole, for I have been amply avenged on you for stealing my promised bride away from me in the long ago. Farewell; you will never find me again and you will never see or know your daughter. You might as well return to England. To remain long in the country, some of those men who are fighting for the independence, and who hate men and things English, may take it into their heads to cut your head off. If you know when you are well off, you will take this advice, and turn to England.

"Your Deadly Enemy,

"Harrison Lemayne."

"He has gone, and taken my daughter with him!" cried Sir Henry, in a tone of intense anger and disappointment. "He says I will never see him again, nor that I will ever see or know my daughter, and he advises me to return to England. The scoundrel! I will never give up the sea so long as life remains, and I will yet live to make an end of him, and to fold my daughter to my heart."

"It may be a trick to throw you off the scent, sir," said the officer. "They may not have gone at all. They may be in the house at this very moment."

"No dey hain't, sah," the negress hastened to say. "I done went erway, jes' ez I said dey did."

"We'll have a look through the house, just the same," said the officer, and in spite of the remonstrances of the negress, this was done, she being forced to light six candles, and show the way about the house, which was sacked from cellar to attic, but without result. Lemayne alias Morton, and his pretended daughter were not to be found.

"Didn't I done tole yo'?" exclaimed the negress in triumph, as, the search finished, the three men were talking of their departure.

"That's all right, aunty," said the officer good-naturedly. "I am always better satisfied when the statement of a person has been supplemented by the proofs furnished by their own observation."

"Huh!" grunted the negress, and she slammed the door.

"What do you advise?" asked Sir Henry, when they were again on the street.



"Well," said the officer, "I would advise that you have a watch kept on the house."

"You think they will return?" eagerly.

"I am almost sure that they will do so. You see, Morgan will remain away awhile, and when he thinks that you will in all probability started on your return to England, he will come back and take up his quarters under his own roof, once more."

"Then I will set a watch on his house. Can you find me men for the work?"

"Yes; I will take the contract of attending to the matter if you like, relieving you of all worry, and will make reports to you at regular intervals."

"Good! What will be your charges for the work?"

"Twenty pounds a week."

"It is settled. Attend to the matter, and report to me in my rooms in the King's Crown tavern whenever you have anything of interest to impart."

Very well, Sir Henry."

Then they parted, the officer to attend to his work, and Sir Henry and his valet to return to the tavern. As a matter of course, the titled Englishman was very much disappointed by his failure to find the persons for whom he was searching, but he did not say much, and soon afterward retired for the night, though, as the valet could tell by the jabbering about, and mutterings, not to sleep.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A PAIR OF VILLAINS.

At almost the same hour of the afternoon when we introduced Sir Henry and his valet to the reader's notice, an interesting interview was taking place between two young men in another room of the same tavern. One of the young men was smooth-faced, and rather handsome, but it was not for the skilled physiognomist to see that he was a weak man, easily led to do anything that a stronger-willed man might wish him to do. This young man was Harold Barry, an Englishman, and the nephew of Sir Henry Nethersole. We will state, here, that his uncle did not know that he was in the same tavern, or, indeed, that he was in America. The young man always wore a full beard, as a disguise, when in public, as he did not wish his uncle to be aware of his presence, he being engaged in furthering schemes of his own. These schemes, be it said, were to make himself the heir of Sir Henry. Harold had learned

from his uncle's own lips the story of the stolen child, and he was also aware that Sir Henry was making strenuous efforts to find his daughter. Fearing that Sir Henry might succeed, he had been in the habit, for a year past, of following his uncle wherever he went, in the hope that, should the search prove successful, he (Harold) might either win the daughter to be his wife, or, failing in this, kill her, thus making himself the heir to his uncle's title and wealth.

The young man who was with Harold was perhaps five years older, and wore beard and mustache. He was an unscrupulous villain, a London gambler who had often fleeced Harold, but who had finally taken up with him, and had agreed to furnish the money to enable them to travel wherever Sir Henry went; and it was understood that, if Harold succeeded in making himself the heir to Sir Henry's wealth, Morgan Thornton, the gambler, was to receive a princely sum for his assistance in bringing the matter about.

Barry and Thornton had been in Savannah nearly a month, and had succeeded, by a lucky accident, in identifying Hugh Morton as Harrison Lemayne, who had stolen Sir Henry's child, Marguerite, nearly eighteen years before. They had cultivated Morton's acquaintance, and although he had seemed rather shy and suspicious, had managed to gain admittance to his house, where they had made the acquaintance of Lucy Morton, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen years. Feeling confident that this girl was no other than Marguerite Nethersole, Harold Barry had made every effort to win her love, with the intention of marrying her, even though she were his cousin, and thus making sure of becoming heir to her father's wealth; but the plan did not work, for the girl did not respond to Barry's advances, and when he proposed to her—as he had done the evening before—she had quietly but courteously told him that she did not care for him, and that she never could do so. That had spoiled that part of the plan, and now the two villains, over a bottle of wine and some cigars, were planning to win the fortune of Sir Henry in another way.

"There is no use of talking, there is only one thing to do, Barry," said Morgan Thornton, an evil look on his face. They had been talking the matter over for some time, already.

"And what is that, Morgan?" asked Barry, hesitatingly.

"You know well enough," with a harsh laugh.

"You mean that we must——"

"Make away with the girl," in a fierce undertone, and with a wicked look.

Harold Barry turned pale, and looked around him in an alarmed manner.



"Sh, Morgan," he half whispered. "Remember, the very walls have ears, it is said."

"Bosh; you are as timid as a girl, Barry."

"Who wouldn't be, Morgan, when—when—such a topic is being discussed?"

"Bah! 'tis nothing, when you make up your mind that way. The girl has chosen to refuse you, so the only thing to do now is to put her out of the way. She is to blame, for she might just as well have married you."

"But, jove, Morgan, I don't believe that I will ever be equal to the task of putting her out of the way."

"You are too chicken-hearted, Barry. However, all that you will need to do is to accompany me, and render me some little assistance, so that it may be said that you are equally guilty; but I will strike the blow. I am not at all squeamish."

Barry shuddered. "Very well," he said. "I can do that."

"And when the girl has been put out of the way, the next thing will be to serve your uncle, Sir Henry, the same way."

"Yes."

"It will be best to make an end of him while he is in this country, and then we can return to England, with proofs of his death, and you can at once enter into your inheritance."

"It's a good plan," said Barry, "if we can only carry it out."

"We must do it, Barry. There must be no 'ifs' about it."

"When will we make the attempt to put the girl out of the way, Morgan?"

"The sooner the better. We will make the attempt this very night."

"How will we work it?"

"We will wait till about eleven o'clock, and then we will go to the girl's home, enter, and make our way to her room, and make an end of her. Then about the next night we will slip in and finish your esteemed uncle."

Barry shuddered slightly. He was a reckless, dissipated fellow, but was not yet hardened to crime, as was his companion.

"How are we going to manage to get into the girl's house?" he asked.

Morgan Thornton laughed. "Don't worry about that," he said. "I was at one stage of my career a professional cracksman, and I haven't forgotten what I learned then. I will agree to enter any house in this town, at pleasure, and do it without any trouble to speak of."

"That is all right, then."

"Right you are."

About ten o'clock the pair left the tavern, and made their way in the direction of the house occupied by Hugh Morton and his pretended daughter.

The two were soon there, but they waited till a little after eleven before making any move. Then they approached the rear of the house, and Thornton proved that he had told the truth about being able to enter any house in the town by speedily effecting an entrance into the building. They had brought a dark lantern along, and they carefully made their way upstairs, and began the search of the room occupied by the girl. They soon found a room which they felt confident was the one the girl occupied, but she was not there.

The two hardly knew what to think, but went ahead with their search, and finally finished, without having found the girl or her pretended father, either one.

"They are not at home," said Thornton in a low voice, in which disappointment and disgust were plainly discernible.

"It looks that way. I wonder where they have gone?"

"I don't know. Well, let's get out of this. We have our labor for our pains, this time, but we'll get her next time."

They made their way downstairs, and in the lower hall encountered the old negress, who had been aroused by noise made by the two. They were both masked, so did not fear recognition, and they were glad that the old negress had been awakened, for they could question her.

When the old negress saw the two men, with masks on their faces, and the dark lantern in hand, she uttered a cry of terror, and dropped on her knees, her eyes rolling wildly.

"Oh, don't kill me," she cried. "Please, massas, doan't fur to hurt me. I hain't done nothin', an' I hain't erg ter do nothin'."

Thornton drew a pistol and flourished it threateningly.

"Do you see that?" he hissed.

"Y-yas, massas, I sees hit, so I does," in a quavering voice.

"Well, then, tell us where your master and mistress are gone. If you refuse, I will put a bullet through your head."

"I'd tell, massas; but I doan know—'deed I doan."

"You don't know?" threateningly.

"No, massas."

"When did they go?"

"Dis evenin'."

"And do you mean to say you don't know where they went?"

"Yes, massas. Dey didn't tole me whur dey wuz g



"When will they be back?"

"Dey didn' tole me dat, massas."

"Humph. You are telling the truth?"

"Deed I is, massas!"

"Well, we will be going. But, see here, you black ench," in a fierce tone, "if you tell them of our visit to the house when they return I will kill you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Massas; I won' tell. I'll nebber say er word er-ut hit."

"See that you do not—if you wish to live."

Then the two took their departure, leaving in the same way they had entered.

"Dey seems ter be a heap uv peeples dat air wantin' ter 'Ole Massa an' Young Mist'ess, dis heah night," the girl muttered as she went back to bed. "Hit's mahse'f ut doan unnerstan' hit, so I doan."

The two villains returned to the hotel, and went to their rooms, feeling much put out. They were badly disappointed.

"Well, the thing missed fire this time," growled Barry, with a look of disgust on his face.

"But we'll succeed next time," said Thornton, confident-

## CHAPTER V.

### A GOOD HIDING-PLACE.

When Dick Slater heard the voice call out "This way," as he was swimming his horse toward the island in the middle of the Savannah River, he was very much surprised.

"Well, well, a friend here?—and a woman at that?" he said to himself. "This is better luck than I was expecting. I will follow the advice, and head right in for the shore." He did so, and soon reached it, and made a landing in safety. As he leaped to the ground, he found himself in the presence of an old man, bent and apparently feeble, and a beautiful maiden of perhaps eighteen years.

"Ah, good afternoon, lady," said Dick, doffing his hat and bowing, "so it was you who called to me?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, the girl flushing slightly, and she said:

"You are a patriot, are you not, sir?"

The youth hesitated, and glanced at the girl searchingly, then at the old man.

"Ah, we are patriots in feeling, though so far we have

taken no active part one way or the other," the girl said, noting Dick's hesitation. "You need not fear to speak. We saw that you were pursued by redcoats, and guessed that you were a patriot."

"And you are in great danger, sir."

"It would seem so, with a score of redcoats on either side of the river, waiting to go for me the instant I venture ashore."

"You must not venture ashore, sir."

"No, indeed," said the old man. "Your life will pay the forfeit, if you do so."

"But if I don't go ashore they will come to the island and get me."

The girl shook her head and smiled.

"They will not be able to find you," she said.

Dick was surprised. "Do you mean to tell me that there is a secure hiding-place on this little island?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; there is a good hiding-place. I don't think the redcoats will be able to find you if they search all day."

"Good!" exclaimed Dick. "I am indeed in luck."

"I don't know about hiding the horse, however," said the man dubiously. "What think you, Lucy?"

The girl knitted her brows.

"I don't know, father," she said. "Perhaps it will be possible to conceal the horse."

"If not I will remain out and take my chances on getting away from the redcoats," said Dick, decidedly. "I would not give up my horse under any circumstances."

"He is a noble-looking animal," said the girl, in admiration.

"Indeed, he is a noble animal, and we have been through many wild adventures together, Major and I. No, if we cannot conceal him then I will remain here, in the open, and make an attempt to escape by swimming ashore."

"Look," exclaimed the girl, pointing, "the redcoats have come down to the river's edge, and are riding in. They are going to swim their horses out to the island."

"Yes, and I doubt not that those on the other side of the river are doing the same thing," said Dick.

"Come," said the old man, "if we are going to hide, we had better be about it. We may have some trouble in getting the horse into the place of concealment."

The old man and the girl led the way toward the center of the island, Dick following, leading the horse. The way was uphill, the center of the island being much higher than the edges, and there were many large rocks and boulders. Indeed, at the extreme high point, near the center of the island, were great heaps of stones and boulders, and at one point was a giant ledge of stone, thirty feet in height,



and seemingly forty feet wide and a hundred feet long. Piled along the face of the ledge were hundreds of stones and boulders of all sizes.

At the point in front of where the old man and the maiden came to a stop, a slab of stone, perhaps three inches in thickness and five feet wide by seven or eight in height, leaned against the face of the ledge. Seizing hold of this slab, the old man and the girl pulled outward, and it came away from the face of the ledge a distance of two feet, revealing an opening about three feet wide by five in height.

"There; do you think you can get the horse through that opening?" the girl asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Yes, I think so," was the reply; "but is there room for him after he enters?"

"Oceans of it, sir. Once he is through the entrance, all will be well, for beyond is a large cavern, capable of holding a score of horses."

"Good! I will get him in there at once."

The "Liberty Boy" led Major up to the entrance, and, passing through, spoke to the horse.

"Down upon your knees, Major," he said, "down, sir, and follow me."

The intelligent animal dropped upon his knees, and worked his way through the opening, slowly but surely, and when the cavern proper was reached, he rose to his feet and shook himself and gave utterance to a snort of relief.

"Bravo, Major," said Dick, patting the animal on the neck; "you are a horse worth having."

The old man and the maiden followed, and pulled the slab back to its place against the side of the ledge. To Dick's surprise, it was not dark in the cavern, and the girl explained this by saying that there was an opening in the top of the cavern, which admitted the light.

"This seems to be a nice hiding-place," said Dick. "How did you happen to find it?"

"Entirely by accident," the girl said. "Father and I were on the island one day, when a severe rainstorm came up, and in seeking for shelter we found this cavern."

"And do you live here?" the youth asked. His keen eyes had taken note of the fact that the cavern was well stocked with provisions and with blankets, etc.

"We are staying here now," replied the old man, quickly, and with a warning look at the girl, which did not escape Dick's notice.

"There is some mystery here," thought the youth, "but I shall make no effort to pry into it, for they have proved themselves my friends, and it would be poor return for their kindness to make an attempt to pry into their affairs." So he simply said:

"It seems to be a very good place to stay."

They had been in the cavern fifteen or twenty minutes when they suddenly heard the sound of voices.

"The redcoats are searching for you, sir," said the girl in a low, cautious voice.

\* \* \* \* \*

The redcoats who had chased Dick Slater, the youth, "Liberty Boy," rode down the river a distance of half a mile, and here they found a place where they could come down to the edge of the water in safety.

"Follow me, boys," said the leader of the party, a captain by the name of Morgan. "We will get that young scoundrel yet. He was forced to come down to the island, our boys on the other side having made it an impossibility for him to cross the river, and all we will have to do will be to swim our horses out to the island, while our friends come out to the island from the other shore, and the rebels will have no chance to escape."

"You are right, captain," said one of the men.

They rode into the water, and swam their horses to the island. The party from the other shore reached the island at the same time, and the leaders conferred; and the result was that the majority of the men were ordered to string themselves around the edge of the island, so as to be sure of hearing the "rebel" off, and effecting his capture, if he attempted to take to the water. This done, a searching party of a dozen began the work of looking for the fugitive.

The redcoats searched thoroughly, their surprise and wonder growing as they progressed, and found no sign of the fugitive. They made a thorough search of the island, and finally brought up at the great ledge of stone, paused almost in front of the slab which covered the entrance to the cavern.

"Well, this beats anything I ever heard of," exclaimed Captain Morgan.

"It is very strange," said Lieutenant Marsh, who was in command of the other party of dragoons.

"I saw that scoundrelly rebel land on this island, and I swear to that."

"So did I. And I can take oath that he did not leave the island."

"So can I. But where is he?"

"That is the question."

The men looked at one another wonderingly and questioningly.

"I can see how it might be possible for the rebel to hide, but I don't see where he could have concealed the horses."

"That is indeed a mystery," was the reply.

At this instant there came to the hearing of the rebels



the peculiar, ringing noise made by a horse pawing the lid stone with its hoof.

The men started, and uttered exclamations, while staring one another in amazement.

"The horse is within one hundred feet of where we are standing at this very moment," exclaimed Captain Morrison, looking all around him with searching gaze.

"And where the horse is there also is the horse's master," said Lieutenant Marsh.

"You are right, Marsh! And I do not intend to leave here till we have found both horse and master."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A STARTLING REVELATION.

"I wonder what is keeping Dick?"

"Hard telling, Bob."

"He ought to have been back before this."

"Yes; he did not intend to remain away long, I think."

"No; he said he would ride ahead two or three miles, and scout around a bit, and then return."

"That is possible; I wish he had let one of us fellows go with him."

"So do I."

It was night, night in the tall timber bordering the Savannah River in South Carolina. In a little opening a party of young men had made a camp. There were perhaps one hundred of the young men, and they were the famous "Liberty Boys," who at that time were famous throughout the North and the South for their daring work on the battlefields, and in guerrilla-like work, after the plan set by Marion, Sumpter, and other Southern partisan leaders.

The conversation given above was between Bob Estabrook and Mark Morrison. It was now dark, and Dick Slater would have been back, and the two were somewhat anxious. Bob, who was in command in Dick's absence, had placed sentinels out, and suddenly all were startled by the sound of musket-shot.

"To arms, boys," cried Bob. "The redcoats may be coming!"

The "Liberty Boys" leaped up, and seizing their weapons took refuge behind trees, and scarcely had they done so when the sentinels came running into the camp.

"The redcoats are at hand," cried one. "Look out for yourselves!"

"Is it a large force?" asked Bob eagerly.

"No, I don't think so," was the reply. "I think that we can easily hold our own now that we have escaped being taken by surprise."

"We will try to, at any rate," said Bob grimly.

The redcoats did not seem to be very eager to make an attack, as it was half an hour at least before they made any demonstration, and then all they did was slip up as close as they thought they dared, and fire a few scattering shots. The "Liberty Boys" returned the shots with interest, and presently the enemy withdrew, and all was quiet again.

Feeling confident that the redcoats were in such small force that they could do no damage, Bob told the boys to lie down and get some sleep, a double line of sentinels being placed out, to give warning in case the British made any more attempts at attacking.

No more were made during the night, but when morning came, some scouts which Bob sent out brought back the astounding information that they were completely surrounded, and by a force of at least three hundred.

This was not pleasing news, but as the encampment was on the top of a wooded knoll two hundred feet high, the youths felt that they would be able to give a good account of themselves.

"They have us nicely 'treed,'" said Bob, grimly, "but I think we will be able to hold our own against them."

"Yes, we'll make it warm for them," said Mark Morrison.

The redcoats, feeling confident on account of their superior numbers, now began advancing. They came up the sloping sides of the knoll slowly and cautiously, taking advantage of all the protection afforded by the trees; but they were not so expert at it as were the "Liberty Boys," and the youths began doing some sharpshooting that was a revelation to the enemy.

They fired individually at irregular intervals, wherever they got a chance to take aim, and nearly every shot was effective. Scarcely a bullet that did not find lodgment in some portion of the body of a British soldier.

As they saw their comrades dropping on all sides the anger of the redcoats blazed up, and their commander gave the order for them to charge. They obeyed, but they were met by volley after volley from the weapons of the "Liberty Boys," and finally turned and fled back down the slope. Their reception had been too warm, and they could not face the storm of bullets.

A loud cheer went up from the "Liberty Boys" as they saw the redcoats retreating, and some of the youths wished



to follow up the success by charging out upon the enemy, but Bob would not permit it.

"Hasten and reload your muskets and pistols," he ordered; "that will be wiser than to chase after the redcoats, with empty weapons in our hands."

This was good advice, without doubt, and the youths obeyed. Bob was a hot-headed fellow himself, as a rule, and when Dick was present to command, but now the responsibility rested upon his shoulders, and he held his impulsiveness in check, and forced himself to act with caution. In truth, he did as nearly the way he thought Dick would do as he possibly could, and he had been with Dick so long that he knew just about what the young captain of the "Liberty Boys" would do in any emergency.

The wisdom of remaining where they were and reloading their weapons was speedily made apparent, for presently the redcoats again advanced to the attack. As in the former instance, however, they were repulsed.

They made no further attempt to attack the "Liberty Boys," but settled down at a safe distance, and made themselves as comfortable as possible.

"What does it mean, Bob?" asked Sam Sanderson.

"I guess it means that, having us 'treed,' so to speak, they are going to keep us treed, Sam," was the reply. "You see, they have us at a big disadvantage, in that we have no water here, and but very little food."

"True, and they can force us to make some sort of an attempt to escape, when they will have the chance to shoot us down, as we have been doing with them."

"That is it; we cannot hold out much longer than to-day."

"You are right. I am very thirsty, even now."

"So am I. Things look blue for us, I must say."

"And where is Dick?" remarked Sam Sanderson.

"That is the question," replied Bob, soberly. "I fear he has gotten into trouble."

"It is likely, or he would have been back long ere this."

\* \* \* \* \*

And what of Dick Slater and his two companions.

As soon as he heard the sound of the voices, Dick crept up close to the entrance to the cavern, and placing his ear close to the opening at one side of the slab of stone, listened. He heard and understood all that was said between the captain and lieutenant, and when Major pawed the hard stone bottom of the cavern, and was heard by the redcoats, a feeling of dismay took possession of Dick.

"Jove, that is bad," he said to himself. "The redcoats heard that, and know the horse is secreted near at hand, and the result will be that, even though they may not suc-

ceed in finding the entrance to the cavern, they will remain near at hand, and it will be impossible for us to leave here without being seen and captured."

He listened intently, and heard the redcoats moving about, searching for the hiding-place of the horse and his master. One fellow thumped on the very slab that hid the opening, but failed to discover that it concealed the entrance to a cavern.

While Dick was listening at the entrance he was suddenly startled by a muffled cry of pain from the old man, and another cry—of alarm—from the girl. Dick looked around, and saw the old man leaning against the wall, his face very pale, and with both hands clasped upon his left side in the region of the heart.

The youth hastened to the old man's side, the girl reaching there at the same instant. "What is the matter, father?" she asked, an anxious look on her face.

"The—old—trouble—Lucy," was the reply, in a gasping voice. "My—heart——"

The old man paused, and grew very pale, and a little cry escaped the girl's lips, as she took the old man's head in her lap and smoothed his hair back.

Dick looked sober. He judged, from the old man's looks, that he was not long for this world, and he asked the girl:

"Is he subject to such attacks?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I—I—have never seen—him look quite—like this."

The youth knelt beside the old man, and chafed his wrists, but the labored, stentorious breathing told him that it was useless to try to do anything. He would not tell the girl so, however, as it would make her feel bad for no purpose.

Presently the old man, who had had his eyes shut, opened them with a start, and looked up at Dick.

"You seem to be—an—honest—man," he gasped. "Will—you—promise—to—to look—after Lucy—when I—am gone?"

"I promise," said Dick, soberly, and a low moan escaped the lips of the girl.

"You will not die, father," she cried. "You will live many years yet."

"No, I—am going—Lucy." Then he again looked up in Dick's face.

"Feel inside the bosom of—my—shirt," he said; "you—will—find a—packet—there."

The youth did as told, and drew forth a packet of papers. "When I—am—gone, read—the—papers," the old man gasped. "They tell—all." He was silent a few moments, and then looked up in Lucy's face.



"Promise me—you—won't—hate—me when—when—I have—read the—contents of—the papers—Lucy," he said in an appealing voice, and with an eager, pleading look on his face.

The girl bent and kissed him. "I promise, father," the girl said. "You should know that I will always love you."

"You might not, after—after—you—read."

He said no more, and a few moments later he was dead. Gently as possible Dick told the girl, who had not noted the fact, and then the youth had to utter comforting words to the bereaved girl, who wept as if her heart were broken. At last she grew calmer, and then Dick called her attention to the packet of papers. He thought that the reading of the papers might interest the girl, and take away the sharp edge of her sorrow. He suspected that there would be something in the papers to influence the girl against her father, and this would aid some in getting her over her feeling of sorrow. Of course, Dick did not for a moment suspect the real truth—that the dead man was not the girl's father at all.

"Shall we read the papers?" he asked, and the girl replied that they might as well do so.

The youth cut the string binding the packet, and unrolling the papers, began reading. He read slowly, aloud, in a cautious voice that would not be heard by the redcoats outside, and as he progressed a wondering look of amazement appeared on the girl's face.

"And I am not his daughter," the girl exclaimed when the reading had finished. "I am not Lucy Morton, but am Marguerite Nethersole, the daughter of an English nobleman. Oh, well, is it not strange!"

"Yes, indeed," acquiesced Dick, looking at the girl with interest. "You now see why he asked that you would not tell him after reading the papers."

"Yes," in a sad tone. "Well, he has wronged me terribly. But I freely forgive him. He has treated me well, I have loved him fully as much as if he had been my father, I am sure. I suppose I will never see my own father now."

"I don't see any reason why you should not—if he is still alive," said Dick. "You can go to England, and with these papers to show, you can easily convince your real father that you are his daughter."

"A peculiar, sober look came over the girl's face. "I don't think I shall ever go," she said, slowly. "Why not?" in surprise.

"Well, I am an American girl, now, in feeling and sympathy, and I could not bear to go to England, among the

people who are fighting the people of America. No, I will remain here."

"By the way, Miss——"

"Morton," said the girl. "Lucy Morton shall be my name. I lay no claim to the name of Marguerite Nethersole."

"I will call you by the name you have always borne, then, Miss Lucy," said Dick. "And now, how comes it you are here, in this cavern?"

"We came here only three days ago, sir," was the reply. "Father—he," with a nod toward the dead man, "said he was in danger in Savannah, where we have lived for years, and asked me to come to the island with him for a few days until the danger had passed."

"Ah!" said Dick with an interested look in his eyes, "did he say of what the danger consisted?"

"No, sir."

"Do you suppose it was some person that he feared?"

"Yes, I am sure it was some enemy, who may have come to Savannah."

The youth nodded. "This is what I think," he said. "And the chances are that that enemy of your father—your supposed father, I mean—would be a friend of yours."

"You mean——"

"That it might be that your real father is in Savannah, or at least one who knew this man, Harrison Lemayne, and was acting for your father, and searching for Lemayne."

"I wonder if that can be true?" the girl murmured.

"It is possible, at least," said Dick.

Just at this instant the two were startled by hearing the crack, crack, crack! of firearms, and the wild yells of anger and defiance, such as are given vent to by men when engaged in battle.

"What can it mean?" Dick asked himself. "Who can have put in an appearance and attacked the redcoats?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VILLAINS AT WORK.

Harold Barry, the scapegrace nephew of Sir Henry Nethersole, and Morgan Thornton, the gambler and desperado, were greatly disappointed by their failure to find the supposed daughter of Hugh Morton, and the real daughter of Sir Henry, at home when they entered the house, as already



told. They did not sleep well, that night, and were in a bad humor when morning came.

They were quiet and uncommunicative, and ate breakfast in almost total silence; but as they drank considerable liquor, it began to have effect and they gradually grew less morose and sullen, and talked some. They began laying plans to make their plans a success, and as they thought the man and girl would return to their home soon, they did not doubt that they would be successful.

They kept watch on the house, by visiting the vicinity at intervals throughout the day, but saw nothing to indicate the return of the man and his pretended daughter, up to the middle of the afternoon. Even then they saw nothing of the two, but became interested in a stranger who called there.

The stranger was dressed in the garb of a hunter, and was a rough-looking, weather-beaten fellow, who had undoubtedly seen hard times and been exposed to wind and weather.

This man called at the Morton home, and after talking at the door with the negress for a few minutes, came away. Barry and Thornton were lounging near at hand, and as the stranger passed them they heard him say, half aloud:

"I guess ez how't I know whar ter look fur 'em, all right."

The two villains exchanged meaning glances, and then followed the stranger.

"You heard what he said?" asked Thornton in a low voice.

"Yes."

"You think he referred to Morton and the girl?"

"I think so."

"So do I."

"Then the thing for us to do is to——"

"Keep our eyes on him."

"That's right; we must not lose sight of him."

"No; I am confident that if we watch him closely, he will lead us to our quarry."

"I believe it."

The stranger went straight to the bar-room of the King's Crown Tavern, and proceeded to fill himself up with liquor. This gave the two an idea, and they managed to take a place at the table at which the stranger sat, and being very smooth, plausible villains, they were not long in worming themselves into the man's good graces. This accomplished, the rest was comparatively easy. They insisted on paying for all the liquor consumed, and this raised them in the hunter's estimation. It was not very

difficult to get him to talking, the liquor loosening tongue.

"Say, do you know," said Thornton in an oily, insinuating voice, "I like you, Luke Wilson"—they had learned the hunter's name—"almost as well as I do my old friend Hugh Morton."

Wilson, the hunter, looked at the speaker and grinned in a pleased way. "Is thet so?" he said.

"Yes."

"An' ye air frien's uv Hugh Morton?"

"Yes, indeed; both of us."

"Wal, I'm his frien', ye bet!"

"That's good. Let me see, were you there to see him to-day?"

"Yas."

"But found him not at home, eh?"

"Thet's right."

"We could have told you that."

"Ye could?"

"Yes; we went around there this morning, and the negress told us Hugh and Lucy had gone."

"Did she tell ye whar they hed gone?"

"No, we didn't ask her."

"Didn' ye?"

"No."

"Wal, I did."

"Where have they gone?"

"Ther ole she-black didn' know."

"She didn't?" simulating surprise.

"No."

"Well, that is strange."

The hunter grinned, and looked mysterious.

"D'ye think so?" he queried.

"Yes; don't you?"

"No."

"Well, it seems so to me. I should have thought they would tell the servant where they were going, and when they would be back."

The man grinned again.

"Ye see, et's this heer way," he said. "Hugh, he hed got a ennymy, whut he is erfraid uv, an' he hez probberly slipped erway, ter keep out uv ther ennymy's way."

"How do you know this?" asked Thornton.

"Hugh tole me."

"He did?"

"Yas; didn' ye fellers know he hed a ennymy who he wuz erfraid uv?"

"Yes, but we didn't know that anyone else besides us knew that such was the case."



"He never tole ye thet he hed tole me, hey?"

"No."

"Wal, I'm er good frien' uv Hugh, an' I guess thar hain't much thet he hain't tole me. I know all erbout how he is er Englishman whut hed his prommussed wife stole frum 'im by er nobleman, an' how—but mebbly I hedn' better tork too much," with a startled look at the two. "Mebby ye two don' know ez much erbout Hugh ez I do."

"Oh, I guess we do," easily and carelessly. "You were going to speak of his stealing the daughter of the English nobleman who stole his promised bride—isn't that right?"

"Yas," with a nod. "I guess ye fellers know ez much erbout Hugh ez I do."

"Oh, we know all about him, so you need not hesitate to speak right out."

"All right; I won't hesertate."

"By the way, why did you wish to see Hugh?" asked Thornton, carelessly.

"Whut d'ye wanter know fur?"

"I thought it possible that we, being dear friends of his, might be able to take his place."

The hunter shook his head.

"No; I hev ter see 'im," was the reply. "Et's sumthin' thet kain't be tole ter outsiders no matter how good frien' they may be."

"Oh, then of course you will have to go and see Hugh himself."

"Yas; thet's whut I'm goin' ter do."

"When are you going?"

"Purty soon; jes' ez soon ez I git good an' full uv licker."

"Then you really know where he is?"

"Yas; I'd bet thet I do."

Thornton looked at Barry, and said: "Say, old fellow, don't you think it would be a good plan for us to go with Luke?"

"Yes, I do," replied Barry, taking the cue. "I think it very important that we see Hugh at once."

"You see," explained Thornton, confidentially, to the hunter. "We happen to have some information regarding Hugh's enemy, and I think he ought to have the information at the earliest possible moment."

"Oh, thet's et, hey?"

"Yes."

"Wal, ye kin go along uv me, I guess."

"All right."

The two scheming villains now began trying to get the hunter out of the bar-room, so as to get him to start for the point where he seemed to feel sure he would find Hugh Morton and the girl. They found this no easy task, how-

ever, for as the fellow himself said, he did not get to the city very often, and when he did he wanted to enjoy himself a bit.

The two had never encountered a man who could drink as much as Luke Wilson put away, and it was well along toward evening before he was willing to leave the tavern. The schemers had feared that they would have trouble in getting the hunter along, but he surprised them by walking almost as straight as they could, and he led the way down to the river. He untied the painter of a boat, and told the two to get in, which they did, though they hardly knew what to think.

"Is Hugh up the river?" Thornton asked.

"Yas."

He clambered into the boat, after pushing it off, and taking the oars, began rowing. He was a strong fellow, and even though about as drunk as it was possible for him to be, he managed to propel the boat through the water at a very fair rate of speed.

The hunter kept this up steadily and tirelessly for an hour or more. It was now almost sundown, and as they rounded a bend in the river they saw a party of seemingly about one hundred horsemen swimming their horses across from the mainland to an island in the middle of the stream, which was at this point nearly a mile wide.

"Hold!" cried Thornton, who with his friend was sitting in the stern of the boat, and, being faced in the direction they were going, saw the horsemen at once. "What does that mean, Wilson?"

The hunter stopped rowing, and twisting around in his seat, looked in the direction indicated.

"I dunno whut et means," he muttered, after a brief survey; "but I guess we hed better git in under kiver, an' wait an' see whut happens."

He headed the boat in toward the shore, and with a few strong strokes sent it against the bank at a point where some overhanging bushes would effectually conceal it from observation.

"Who can those men be, I wonder?" remarked Thornton. "Have you any idea, Luke?"

"No," was the reply. "I on'y know they hain't redcoats, fur they hain't got on no uniforms."

"Perhaps they are Tories."

"Mebby so."

"They are going to land on the island, aren't they?"

"Looks like et."

"I wonder why they are going there?"

"I dunno."

"Perhaps they have a camp there."



"Mebby so; but I doubts et."

"Why do you doubt it?"

"Cos I know thar wuzn't no camp thar er week ergo."

"That proves nothing."

"No, I s'pose not."

"Certainly not. They have made a camp there within the past two or three days."

"Mebby so."

"Were you headed for the island, Luke?" asked Thornton, a sudden thought coming to him.

"Yas."

"Why, are Hugh and the girl there?"

"Thet wuz whar I 'xpeckt ter fin' 'em."

"But you won't find them there, now," in a tone of disappointment.

"W'y not?"

"These men will have caused them to leave the island." Luke Wilson chuckled.

"No; they'd stay, jes' ther same," he said.

"Then you think this party of men would be friendly to Hugh?"

"They won't be nothin' ter 'im."

"What do you mean?"

"Thet they won't never know he is on ther islan'."

"How can they help knowing it? The island is very small, and it would be impossible to hide in such manner as to escape being seen."

"Ye think so?"

"Yes."

"Wal—thet's whar yer mistook."

"Eh?"

"Yas; thar's er hidin'-place on ther islan' thet them fellers wouldn' fin' in er hunderd yeers."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yer bet et is."

"Well, I should never have thought that such could be the case."

"Nor I," from Barry.

"Listen ter thet," suddenly exclaimed the hunter, peering wonderingly in the direction of the island.

The three had seen the party of horsemen reach the shore, dismount, and disappear among the trees a few minutes before, and now they heard the rattle of firearms, followed by wild yells.

"What does that mean?" asked Thornton, looking inquiringly at the hunter.

Wilson shook his head.

"Ye kain't prove et by me," he said.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE VILLAINS REACH THE ISLAND.

Captain Morgan and Lieutenant Marsh were very much puzzled when they heard the pawing noise. They were sure it was made by the horse of the rebel, and they were equally certain that the horse was very near where they stood.

"We must find the horse and his master," the captain declared, but after the half-dozen had searched all around and found no signs of the fugitive they hardly knew what to think.

"Let's have all the boys come up here and help us search," suggested the lieutenant.

"Very well," agreed the captain, and the men were sent for, and were soon on hand.

Then the work progressed with considerable vigor and energy. It was no use, however; nowhere could they find a place where horse and rider could be concealed, and at last they paused near the entrance to the cavern—whose existence they did not of course suspect—and held a council.

"What shall we do?" the captain asked.

"I hardly know what to reply to that," said the lieutenant; "I am confident that the rebel is within hearing of our voices, and I hate to give up without having found and captured him."

"That is the way it seems to me," the captain declared. "What do you say to camping down here and holding on till the rebel is forced by hunger and thirst to show himself?"

"That is a good idea."

"And you are in favor of doing that?"

"I am."

At this instant there came the crack, crack, crack! of muskets, and several of the redcoats fell, either dead or wounded.

"We are attacked! Run for your lives!" cried the captain, and with wild yells of terror the men fled from the spot.

The attacking party went in pursuit, and fired after the fleeing redcoats, bringing down several. Perhaps twenty-five of the British dragoons succeeded in getting mounted on their horses, and away in safety, twelve to fifteen of their comrades having fallen.

"Mount and pursue the scoundrels," cried the leader of the attacking party; "we must not let so many escape. After them."



The men rushed to where they had left their horses, mounted, and riding into the water, started in pursuit of the redcoats.

There did not seem to be much difference in the swimming abilities of the horses ridden by the redcoats and those in which the pursuers were mounted, and the British dragoons managed to keep out of musket-shot distance, until the shore was reached, and then, with wild yells of defiance, they plunged into the timber and rode away at the best speed of which their horses were capable.

The pursuers reached the shore, and as they rode out onto the solid ground the leader, who was no other than the famous General Marion, "The Swamp Fox," cried out: "Now give chase, men, and catch the scoundrels, if you can. Give them a volley if you succeed in getting in musket-shot distance."

With cheers the men dashed onward in pursuit of the redcoats.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dick Slater and Lucy Morton, as we will call her, listened to the shots and yells in amazement. "I wonder what it is all about, anyway?" the youth exclaimed.

"I don't know," said the girl, a wondering look on her face.

"Some party, made up of enemies of the redcoats, has made an attack on them."

"Yes, so it would seem."

"It is a much stronger force than that of the redcoats, too," continued Dick, after a moment of listening. "I know this because of the fact that the British have taken refuge in flight."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and now the attacking party has gone in pursuit."

"I wonder if they are patriots?"

"They must be, or they would not have attacked the redcoats."

Presently all became quiet, and the girl looked at the stillness of the dead man and shuddered.

"What shall we do, Mr.—you haven't told me your name, sir."

"My name is Slater, Dick Slater."

"I have heard of you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are the captain of the company of young men known as 'The Liberty Boys of '76.'"

"That is correct, Miss Lucy."

"Well, Mr. Slater, what shall we do? Are you going to stay here all night?"

"I do not wish to do so. I ought by rights to be on my

way back to where my 'Liberty Boys' are. They will be uneasy if I fail to return on time."

"So I should judge."

"But you see, I don't know what to do with you?"

"I think it will be best for me to return to my home in Savannah. Would you not think so?"

"Yes; I should think that would be the best thing to do, Miss Lucy."

"There is only one drawback to such a course, and it is not a serious one."

"What is it?"

"There is a man there, an Englishman, who has been paying suit to me, and he has worried me dreadfully, as he persists in coming, even though I have told him again and again that I prefer that he remain away."

"He certainly is not a gentleman."

"No; for I have refused the offer of his heart and hand two or three times."

"And still he persisted in coming?"

"Yes."

"Why did not your father make the fellow keep away?"

"The man had gotten into his confidence in some way—father drank a good deal—and so he favored the man, and approved of his coming."

"What is the name of this persistent suitor?"

"Harold Barry."

"Perhaps he learned from your supposed father the true secret of your identity, and being from England, and knowing that you were the daughter of a nobleman, who is doubtless wealthy, he may have made up his mind to marry you at all hazards."

"Such a thing might be possible, though I hardly think so, as father was close-mouthed."

"He may not have been when in his cups."

"It is possible that you are right."

"And you will return to Savannah, and risk being persecuted by the attentions of this fellow?"

"I don't see what else I can do."

"Nor I. Well, I will accompany you to the city. But how are we to go there?"

"By boat."

"Where is the boat?"

"I know where one is secreted. We came here by it."

"Ah, that will simplify matters."

"So it will. Shall we go now?"

"I think it is safe to venture out, as I do not hear anything of the redcoats or their pursuers."

"And what will we do with the body of my poor father?"

The girl could not get over calling the man father, even



though she knew that he was really not related to her at all.

"I will give the body burial before we leave the island," said Dick.

"Thank you, Mr. Slater."

The "Liberty Boy" and the girl seized hold of the huge flat stone, and pushed outward. It gave, and swung slowly outward until there was room for them to pass through the opening. Then they stepped out and glanced about them.

Lying near were four dead redcoats, and while Dick was looking at the bodies he was startled by a cry from the girl.

"What is it, Miss Lucy?" looking up quickly.

As he did so three men stepped out from among the trees and confronted them.

"One of them is Harold Barry," said Lucy in a low voice, intended only for Dick's ears.

The three newcomers paused and stared at Dick in amazement, and this gave him the chance to ask:

"Who are the other two?"

"One is a friend of Barry's, who calls himself Morgan Thornton; the other, I think, is named Luke Wilson, and he is an old hunter and a friend of my dead father."

"Did he know of this cavern?"

"Yes."

"Then he has guided the two scoundrels here."

"It would seem so. You think they are scoundrels, then?"

"If looks are not deceiving, Miss Lucy."

The three advanced at this juncture, and Thornton, constituting himself spokesman, said:

"Who are you?"

The "Liberty Boy" did not like the fellow's tone, so did not waste any politeness upon him.

"That is none of your business," he replied, promptly.

The fellow's face grew dark with anger.

"Do you know who you are addressing, sir?" he asked, with great haughtiness.

"No, and I don't care."

"Oh, you don't?" The gambler and desperado was eyeing Dick closely, and there was a fierce, threatening light in his eyes.

"Not a bit."

"You are quite independent, aren't you?" sarcastically.

"Quite so, yes."

"If you knew who you were dealing with, you would not be so independent."

"No?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are right, but I doubt it."

"I'm a dangerous man," fiercely.

"Pshaw, no!" simulating surprise.

"Yes."

"Well, well. I wouldn't have thought it."

"You wouldn't, eh?"

"No; you don't look it."

"Well, I am a dangerous man, just the same, and you are risking death by talking to me in the fashion you have been doing."

To the desperado's surprise Dick laughed aloud.

"I've heard barking dogs before to-day," he said coolly.

"What's that," the Englishman hissed. "Do you dare talk thus to me?"

"Why not? Who are you?"

"My name is Morgan Thornton, and I have killed more men than you are years old."

"It's about time your career was brought to an end, then," exclaimed Dick, and with the words he whipped out two pistols and leveled them at the astonished trio.

"Hold on, there. What do you mean?" the gambler cried, starting back, and dropping his hand upon the butt of his pistol.

"I mean business," replied Dick firmly, "and if you attempt to draw that weapon I will put a bullet through your black heart with as little compunction as if you were a mad dog."

Thornton was keen enough to realize that the speaker meant what he said. He realized now that he had caught a Tartar in this quiet-looking young fellow, and he cursed himself for being so foolish as to permit himself to be taken at a disadvantage. Knowing that he would not dare draw the weapon he took his hand away from the pistol.

"That's right," said Dick approvingly. "Now what do you fellows want?"

"We want ter see Hugh Morton," said the old hunter.

The youth shook his head, while the face of Lucy saddened.

"You can never again see him in life," said the youth.

"Ye don't mean ter say ez how't Hugh is dead?" Wilson exclaimed.

"Yes, he is dead."

"And you killed him," exclaimed Barry viciously. He had gotten the idea into his head that Dick had known Lucy before, and had killed her pretended father in order to secure the girl.

"You are a liar," said Dick calmly.

The face of the Englishman grew red with anger.

"You dare tell me I lie?" he hissed.



"Certainly. You did lie when you accused me of killing Hugh Morton. I did not injure him."

"He died a natural death," the girl said sadly. "He has long been troubled with a weakness of the heart, and he had an attack a short time ago, from which he did not recover."

"An' is he in ther cavern, thar?" asked the hunter.

"His body lies in there, yes."

"Then, as you have no protector, accept the offer which I have several times made you, Miss Lucy," said Barry eagerly. "Give me the right to protect you during the rest of your lifetime."

The girl shook her head.

"I have given you your answer several times," she said, decidedly.

"But then your father was alive, and you had a protector; now you have no one to look after you, and take care of you."

"I will take care of myself."

"Then you refuse to accept my offer?"

"I do."

A muttered curse escaped the lips of the young scapegrace fortune-hunter, and he looked inquiringly at Thornton.

"We will have to carry out the other plan," said the gambler in a low voice.

Barry nodded assent, though it was plain from the look on his face that this did not suit him very well.

"What's all that mumbling about?" asked Dick, whose suspicions were aroused. He believed the two scoundrels to be capable of anything, and he was confident that he meant the beautiful girl no good.

"None of your business," said Thornton, with a vicious look.

"Why did you wish to see father?" Lucy asked of the hunter.

"Et don' matter now," was the reply. "He's gone, an' thet ends ther matter. I mought ez well be goin'." Then he turned to his companions.

"D'ye wanter go back with me?" he asked.

The two hesitated, and then Thornton said: "I guess we might as well."

"Won't you come along with us, Miss Lucy?" asked Barry. "You will return to your home in Savannah, I suppose?"

"No, I will remain here for the present," the girl said. "I thank you for your kind offer."

"All right," and the three turned and strode away, quickly disappearing from sight in the timber and darkness.

"Those two scoundrels do not intend to leave the island just yet, Miss Lucy," said Dick.

"That is what I think, sir."

"Yes, they mean mischief."

"What had we better do?"

A crackling amid the underbrush was heard at this instant, and seizing the girl, Dick half-pushed her through the opening leading into the cavern, and followed.

Then as they pulled the stone back into place, Thornton and Barry came leaping out from among the trees.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SIR HENRY AT WORK.

As we said in a former chapter, Sir Henry Nethersole had hired the police-officer to keep a watch on the home of Hugh Morton, so that he might be informed of the man's return.

Two days passed, and then about the middle of the afternoon of the third day the officer who was on watch at that time saw the hunter, Luke Wilson, call at the house, and after a conversation with the negress at the door, leave.

"I'll wager that fellow knows where Morton is," thought the officer, "and I'll just keep my eyes on him, and if I get a good chance I'll interview him."

Then, to his surprise, and somewhat to his disgust, he saw the two rascals, Thornton and Barry, join the stranger and engage him in conversation.

"Now what are those two fellows up to?" the officer asked himself. "I wonder if they are wanting to find Hugh Morton, the same as we are? It looks so. Well, I'll put one of the boys on their track, and then I'll return to the house and interview that old negress, and resume my work of watching."

He followed the three a couple of blocks, when he suddenly made a peculiar gesture to a man on the opposite side of the street. The man at once joined him.

"See the three fellows?" the first officer asked—the other was an officer, also.

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, keep your eyes on them. See where they go, and follow them. That hunter-looking fellow was at Morton's house, and I have no doubt he knows where Morton is."

"Who are the other two?"

"A couple of rascals, or I miss my guess. They have



been stopping at the King's Crown for nearly a month, and they are gamblers, and likely desperadoes."

"Quite likely. Well, I'll keep watch on them."

"Good; and I'll go back and see if I can find out anything from the negress."

The two parted, one to follow the three men, and keep watch of them, the other turning back, and retracing his steps to the home of Hugh Morton.

He made his way to the house and knocked on the door. The old negress opened the door.

"Well, whut yo' want?" she asked.

"I wish to ask you a question, aunty," was the reply.

"Whut yo' want ax?"

"I wish to know who the man was that was here a little while ago."

The negress shook her head.

"Yo' won' fin' out dat frum me," she declared.

"Why not?"

"Case I dunno who he wuz."

The officer eyed her searchingly.

"Are you telling the truth, aunty?" he asked.

"Deed I is, sah."

"And you don't know the man's name?"

"No more'n I knows yo' name, sah."

"What did he want?"

"He done wanted ter know whar Massa Morton wuz, sah."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes, sah."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Dat I didn' know, sah, same's I done tole yo' de udder night."

"And don't you really know, aunty?"

"Ob co'se I don'."

"What did the man say when you told him you didn't know where your master was?"

"He seemed kinder s'prised, sah."

"So I should surmise. And he didn't say why he wished to see your master?"

"No, sah."

"Humph. By the way, aunty, have you heard no word from your master since he went away?"

"Not er single word, sah."

"All right; that will do."

The negress closed the door, and the officer walked away, pondering the situation.

Two or three hours later Sir Henry Nethersole came walking along, and the officer stopped him and told him what had taken place. The Englishman was interested.

"You say one of your men is watching the stranger and the two gamblers?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And they went into the barroom of the King's Crown Tavern, you say?"

"Yes."

Sir Henry showed signs of excitement.

"Somehow, I believe this stranger will lead us to where Hugh Morton is in hiding," he said.

"Perhaps so," was the reply. "It is not impossible."

"I hope that it may prove to be the case, for I am indeed anxious to find that scoundrel who stole my daughter from me."

"Hist; there they come, now," said the officer in a low, cautious voice. "We will keep our backs turned toward them, and they may not notice us."

Indeed, this proved to be the case. So interested in conversation were the three that they did not notice Sir Henry and the officer, and passed onward utterly unconscious that they were under surveillance.

Sir Henry wanted to follow them at once, but the officer held him back.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Here comes the man who has been watching them."

The other officer joined them, and explained that the three had been in the bar-room all this time, engaged in drinking and talking.

"I was unable to catch much of their conversation," he said, "but what I did hear leads me to think that they are now on their way to some place where it is expected that they will find Hugh Morton and the girl."

"Then we must follow them," said Sir Henry, eagerly.

"Yes, that is the thing to do," agreed the officer. "Come. But we will have to be careful, or they will see that they are being followed, and lead us a wild-goose chase."

The three set out, and walked down the street at about the same pace as the hunter and his two companions were going. When Sir Henry and the officers saw the three enter a boat and row away they looked at one another blankly.

"They are going away in the boat," Sir Henry exclaimed.

"So they are," replied one of the officers.

"What shall we do? We will lose track of them now, and will lose our opportunity to find the hiding-place of Hugh Morton."

"I know where there is a boat," said the other officer. "We can get it and continue the pursuit."

"Where is it?" the other asked.

"Up the shore a couple of blocks."

"Let us hasten," said Sir Henry.



"There is no hurry. In fact it would not do to row out upon the river too soon. They would see us, and then would go anywhere rather, than to where Hugh Morton is hidden. We will have to let them get almost out of sight before we start, if we wish to be safe."

"Then they are likely to make a landing and escape from us altogether," Sir Henry protested.

"I don't think so. And that would be no worse than for them to see us and lead us on a wild goose chase."

So they made their way leisurely along the shore, and presently came to the spot where the boat in question lay. They got in the boat, and after waiting till they thought the men whom they wished to follow were so far away they would not suspect that they were being followed, they pulled out into the stream.

Instead of pulling straight up the stream, in pursuit, the officer who had the oars rowed nearly straight across the river.

"Why is he doing that?" asked Sir Henry, who wished to be after the three men in the other boat.

"Well, if they look back and see us crossing the river, they will not be suspicious," was the reply, "and when we get nearly across, we will turn the boat's head and move up the stream, keeping close in shore, and I don't think they will notice us."

Sir Henry said no more, but it was plain that he was far from being satisfied. When at last they were well across, however, and were headed upstream, he looked better pleased.

"Now, if they don't outrow you we will be able to keep track of them, I judge," he said.

"They are rowing leisurely," was the reply. "We can easily keep up with them."

And so it proved. They even gained somewhat, but were careful not to gain too much, and when the boat they were following suddenly headed in toward the shore they did the same. They could not think what had caused this action at first, but presently they caught sight of the horsemen swimming their horses across from the mainland to the island, and understood.

They remained where they were till after the engagement was over, the redcoats and their pursuers had left the island and disappeared in the timber at the farther side of the river, and the boat they were following had again headed out into the stream.

Feeling sure, now, that the men were intending to land on the island, the officers and Sir Henry were in no hurry to follow, and when they did start, moved very leisurely.

"Do you suppose Hugh Morton has a hiding-place on the

island?" asked Sir Henry, as they saw the three men disembark.

"It is not unlikely," was the reply.

Ten minutes later they reached the island, and leaped ashore. Pulling the boat up close under some overhanging bushes, they tied it, and then made their way toward the center of the island.

When they were almost at the center of the island, they paused at the edge of the timber and gazed upon the scene before them with interest. They saw the hunter and his companions, Thornton and Barry, standing at bay, with a handsome young man holding them under control with two leveled pistols, while just behind the young man stood a beautiful maiden of perhaps eighteen years.

"My daughter," exclaimed Sir Henry, in an agitated undertone, and it was all that he could do to restrain himself from rushing forth.

"Wait," whispered one of the officers; "let us see what happens."

They saw the three men take their departure, as already told, and they were just on the point of emerging from their hiding-place when the two scoundrels, Thornton and Barry, rushed forth from the edge of the timber, and the young man and the girl disappeared within the entrance to the cavern, and pulled the stone into place.

## CHAPTER X.

### ENTOMBED ALIVE.

To say that Thornton and Barry were angry and disappointed when they saw their intended victims make their escape is stating the case mildly. They gave utterance to curses loud and deep.

"Never mind, Barry," said Thornton. "We'll get them, just the same. They cannot escape us."

"I judge that you are right, Morgan," was the reply.

Sir Henry gave a start when he heard the first speaker address his companion by the name of Barry, and when he heard the voice of the second speaker he gave another start.

"Can it be possible that that fellow is my scapegrace nephew, Harold Barry?" he breathed. "It can not be possible, surely, for this man has a heavy beard, while my nephew has only a mustache."

"The fellow with the heavy beard is disguised," said one of the officers, in a low voice.

"Do you really think so?" asked Sir Henry, excitedly.



"I am sure of it."

"Then I would be willing to wager anything that he is a scapegrace nephew of mine who has entertained hopes of being my heir and successor, but whom I kicked out, a year ago, with the assurance that he would not be my heir."

"If it could be proved that your daughter was dead he would be the heir, would he not?"

"Yes."

"Then I think I understand the scheme of himself and that rascally companion of his."

"What is it?"

"Well, you see, he has been trying to get the girl to marry him."

"So I judge, from what I heard a few minutes ago."

"Exactly; and having failed in that, he and his precious comrade have decided to murder the girl."

Sir Henry gasped.

"Do you really think that?" he whispered, agitatedly.

"I am sure of it."

"Then it is lucky that we are on hand to spoil their wicked plans."

"Yes, so it is. Still, I think they would have hard work carrying out their scheme, with that young fellow standing between them and their prey."

"You mean the young man with the pistols?"

"Yes."

"I wonder who he is?"

"I don't know; but he is a brave fellow, and one who will give the scoundrels a good fight."

"And so Harrison Lemayne, or Hugh Morton, as he is known here, is dead," murmured Sir Henry. "He has cheated me of my revenge."

"You are right, sir."

"I judge it is better so," Sir Henry continued; "I am glad, after all, that I was not called upon to imbrue my hands in blood—for I fully intended to kill him."

"His body must be within the cavern," the officer said.

"I judge so. Ah, I wonder if he confessed the truth to the girl before he died?"

They now turned their attention upon Thornton and Barry, who had advanced to the slab covering the entrance to the cavern, and were pulling at it, in an effort to get it away from the opening.

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as they had succeeded in pulling the slab back to its place, Dick told Lucy to get back where she would be in no danger from bullets, if the two scoundrels outside took it into their heads to fire into the cavern after moving the

slab, as they would undoubtedly be able to do. Then he took up his position right at the entrance, where he could see what was going on, and waited patiently.

Presently he saw the slab move slightly. "Ah, they are at work," he said to himself. "Now I shall have to give them a warning, and if they refuse to take it, what happens afterward will be their fault, and not mine." He lifted up his voice and called out:

"Hello, you fellows."

"Well?" came the reply in a surly voice.

"Let that slab alone."

"Let it alone?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I say for you to do so."

"Oh, because you say so, eh?"

"Exactly."

"You think that is a good reason, I dare say?" The tone was sneering.

"Yes."

"Well, we don't."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Let me tell you something."

"Go ahead."

"You fellows are going to get in trouble."

"We are?"

"You are!"

"I don't think so."

"If you pull this stone away from the entrance to this cavern you will soon be made think so."

"We will, eh?"

"You will."

"What will you do?"

"Put bullets through you."

"Ha, you will, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a game we can play at, too."

"You won't have any chance to play at it."

"We won't?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, I will put bullets through you before you have time to draw your pistols."

"Bah! You are a boaster."

"No, I am simply telling you what I will do."

"What you think you will do, you mean."

"No, what I will do. I am giving you warning."

"You are very kind," sarcastically.



"Please do not mention it."

The two villains looked at each other in the gathering dusk, and it was evident that the words of the youth had made some impression on them.

"He's a bad man, I'm thinking, Morgan," said Barry, in a whisper.

"Yes, but we ought to be too much for him."

"Well, it would seem so. But still, all he has to do is wait for the chance, and shoot us, while we have to pull at the stone, and will be at a disadvantage."

"You are not going to funk, are you, Barry?"

"No; but—I don't like this business."

"Neither do I, but we have got to put the girl out of the way."

"Yes, that must be done, since she has seen fit to refuse to become my wife."

"Then lay hold here, and help me pull the stone away."

Both took hold, and pulled, and the stone moved an inch or so.

"Now you fellows want to look out," warned Dick. "I am going to shoot the first one of you that I lay eyes on—and I shall shoot to kill, for I think you are murderous scoundrels, who deserve death."

"If you shoot, you will in all probability do no more than wound one of us," said Thornton, "and then we will kill you, as sure as anything."

"I am not at all alarmed."

"You had better be."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Give up the girl, and we will not molest you."

Dick laughed sneeringly.

"You fellows must think I am a coward," he said.

"You are a fool, if you don't do it."

"I would be a poltroon if I did."

"And you won't give up the girl to save your life?"

"My life is in no danger."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. It is you fellows who will need to look out."

"We are not afraid."

"All right; just jerk the stone away from the entrance, then, and see what you will get."

"If you wound either of us we will kill you."

"Oh, I won't wound either of you."

"That is talking more sensibly than you have been before."

"I won't wound either of you, but—I'll kill both of you."

"Bosh! you can't do that."

"All right, if you think so, go ahead. I will show you,

very quickly. I am a dead shot, and as I told you awhile ago, I shall shoot to kill."

Dick meant what he said, and his tone seemed to tell the two so, for they hesitated, and looked questioningly at each other. Suddenly Barry uttered an exclamation under his breath, and making a gesture, walked away a few yards. Thornton followed.

"What do you want, Barry?" he asked.

"I have a plan, Morgan."

"A plan?"

"Yes; one that will be successful, I am sure, and one by which we will escape all danger from that fellow's pistols."

"Out with it, then."

Barry motioned toward the great heaps of stones and boulders lying about, and said:

"See those?"

"The stones?—yes; what of them?" impatiently.

"Why not pile a lot of them against that slab, and make the cavern a tomb for the fellow and the girl?"

Thornton uttered an exclamation.

"A splendid thought," he said, "but it will necessitate our making an end of Wilson."

"True; but we have already half-killed him. That lick you gave him on the head was a hard one."

"Yes; well, we want to do our work with as little danger to ourselves as possible, and I think that if we wall them up in the cavern they are as good as dead. Doubtless there is no other person besides Wilson and ourselves who knows of the cavern."

"Likely you are right. Well, let's get to work."

The two made their way back to the slab, and selecting a huge stone, which lay near, they rolled it over and over, until it rested against the slab. It was a very heavy stone, and it would be impossible for the inmates of the cavern to move the slab; they could never get out without assistance.

Dick, who was on the *qui vive*, heard the thump, as the stone struck against the slab, and he called out:

"Hello, there. What are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing much—simply burying you and the girl alive, that is all," was the triumphant reply, followed by chuckling laughter.

The "Liberty Boy" understood what had been done instantly, and his heart sank. He placed his shoulder against the slab, and pushed, but could not budge the stone.

"You cowardly scoundrels," he called out. "You fiends. Take the stone away, and I will come out and fight both of you."



A chorus of mocking laughter was the only reply, and presently there was another thump. They had rolled another stone against the slab.

The girl was beside Dick, now, and she was evidently filled with terror, for she said: "Oh, Mr. Slater, we are doomed! doomed to a horrible death by starvation."

"Perhaps not," said Dick bravely, though he did not feel that there was much chance for them. "We may succeed in making our escape."

"Well, what do you think about it now?" came in muffled tones to Dick's ears.

"I think you are heartless fiends, and that you deserve death a hundred times over," was the reply.

"All right; think so, if you like. It won't hurt us. Well, goodbye; a long, long good-bye—ha, ha, ha!"

Having finished their work, the two scoundrels turned to leave the spot—to find themselves confronted by a trio of men, two of whom held leveled pistols.

"Surrender, or you are dead men," said one of the officers—for of course it was the two officers and Sir Henry who had so suddenly appeared.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Now, it was a terrible surprise and disappointment to Thornton and Barry to find, just as they thought they had settled the affair to their own satisfaction, and had made Barry sure of being Sir Henry's heir, that all their plans were knocked into a cocked hat, so to speak—for they recognized Sir Henry, it not being very dark as yet.

The villains were desperate men, however, and they made up their minds that they would not surrender. Instead, they started to draw their pistols.

It was a fatal move, for the officers already had their pistols out and cocked. Nor did they hesitate to fire. They knew who they were dealing with, knew the men were desperadoes, and would shoot to kill, and so they took advantage of the rascals without scruple, and fired, Thornton and Barry both dropping, and giving utterance to groans of pain.

"I'm a dead man," gasped Thornton.

"It's all up with me, I—am—afraid," from Barry.

"You would have it," said one of the officers, coolly.

The other stepped forward and pulled the false beard from Barry's face.

"Is this your nephew, Sir Henry?" he asked.

"Yes, 'tis he," exclaimed Sir Henry. "I was sure of it, however, as I recognized his voice, and the other rascal called him Barry."

"He will never be your heir, sir," said the officer, quietly.

"He is fatally wounded, then, you think?"

"He will not live an hour."

"You are right," groaned Barry. "I am not long for this world. Well, it can't be helped. We played our cards the best we knew how—eh—Morgan?"

"Yes—Barry," was the low answer, in a weak voice. "We—have—played—our—last—game!"

Those were the last words ever uttered by Thornton, and with a gasp he died.

"You have come to just such an end as I expected," said Sir Henry to his nephew, severely. "If you had behaved yourself, and been respectable, I would have done the fair thing by you, and would have left you a goodly portion when I died, but you were not satisfied, was determined to be a rogue, and you plotted to get all my wealth, by fair means or foul, even to taking the life of my daughter, whom you have walled up in the cavern, and would have left there to die of starvation. I am not sorry for you, for you deserve the fate that has overtaken you."

"Yes, I—guess—you—are—right."

A few minutes more, and Barry was dead, and then the three rolled the two great stones away. But before pulling the slab away from the entrance one of the officers called out:

"We are friends, stranger, so don't shoot us when we pull the slab away. Those two scoundrels are dead."

"I understand," came back the reply. "Pull the slab back. I will not fire upon you."

The two officers obeyed, Sir Henry standing near and gazing into the entrance to the cavern with eager eyes, the while he trembled with excitement.

A few moments later and Dick and Lucy stood in the open air once more, and unable to restrain himself longer, Sir Henry leaped forward and holding out his hands toward the girl, cried:

"My child! My darling daughter! Come to my arms, for I am your own, your real, true father."

"Are you Sir Henry Nethersole?" asked Dick.

"I am, sir," was the reply. "And this young woman, who has all her life supposed herself to be the daughter of of the man who called himself Hugh Morton, is in reality Marguerite Nethersole, my beloved daughter, and she was stolen from me when she was a baby, within a month of the death of my wife."



"I do not doubt that you are telling the truth, sir," said Lucy quietly, "for my father—the man whom you have just spoken of—left some papers telling me who I am."

"He is dead, then?" said Sir Henry.

"Yes, and even though he may have been in the wrong, he has treated me well all those long years, and I have loved him as a father; and I cannot all at once forget it, and transfer my affections. I will give you my hand, sir, but until I can learn to look upon you as my father, and love you as such, I cannot permit myself to embrace you."

A groan escaped the lips of Sir Henry.

"It is hard to hear such words coming from the lips of one's own daughter," he said, sadly; "but it is right, and I will not complain, Marguerite—you will let me call you by your real name?"

"Yes, yes; and some day I may love you, sir, as a daughter should love her father."

"Ah, I hope so. I trust that such will be the case, Marguerite," and taking the girl's hand, he pressed it gently.

"And now, who are you, sir, and how came you here?" asked one of the officers, addressing Dick.

The youth, with commendable foresight, had requested Lucy to not reveal his identity, and he replied that his name was George Raven, and that he was a traveler, on his way to Savannah, but that he had been halted by some men on the highway, who had mistaken him for a "rebel," and had given chase to him. He had managed to reach the island, where the maiden, and the man she had for years supposed to be her father were staying, and they had shown him the secret cavern, etc.

"But where is your horse?" asked the officer.

"I'll show you," and Dick uttered a whistle.

A moment later the noble black horse was seen virtually crawling out through the entrance to the cavern, and exclamations of amazement escaped the three men.

"I suppose you folks will return to Savannah by boat?" remarked Dick.

The men replied that they would.

"While I will go on horseback. Miss Lucy, I suppose you will go with your father?"

"Yes, sir." But before we leave the island, I ask that the man whom I have so long loved as a father be given burial."

"It shall be done," said Dick.

A grave was soon dug, and Harrison Lemayne's body was interred therein. Then another hole was dug, and the bodies of the two dead schemers were buried.

"Now we will leave this place," said Sir Henry, and they set out. About halfway to the river they found the hunter, Luke Wilson, sitting with his back against a tree, groan-

ing in pain. They assisted him to walk to the shore, and into his boat. One of the officers got in with him, while the other officer, with Sir Henry and Lucy, got in the other boat.

"When you reach Savannah, please call and see me, Mr. Raven," said the beautiful girl. "I owe you a great deal for protecting me from those two terrible men, and I can never repay you for your kindness, I fear."

"I simply evened up the score, Miss Lucy," said Dick. "You saved me when I was pursued, and you are not indebted to me in the least."

"I shall always consider that I am, sir," was the reply.

Then the boats pushed off, and moved down the stream with very good speed, the current assisting the oarsmen, and making the work of propulsion very easy.

Dick stood and watched the boats as they faded away into the darkness, and when they had disappeared he mounted Major, and urged him into the water.

"Now for a swim, old fellow," the youth said. "I must get back and see what the boys are doing. They will think I am in trouble I'll wager."

The "Liberty Boy" reached the shore at a point half a mile farther down stream, and had no difficulty in landing. Then he set out through the timber, aiming to strike the highway, which he judged to be not to exceed two miles distant.

He rode onward, steadily for an hour, and did not reach the road. He continued onward half an hour longer, and still he did not strike it.

"Jove! I hope I am not lost," he murmured. "It would be rather unpleasant to be forced to pass the night here, for I have no blanket."

After some deliberation he changed his course, and rode for an hour in the new direction, as nearly as he could do so.

Still he did not come to the highway.

"Well, I will change my course and try it again," he said. "There is nothing like sticking to a thing to insure success."

He put his words into practice, and rode for another hour.

Still no road was found.

"Well, I hardly know what to do," he said, "but I'll have one more try at it, anyway, and then if I fail I'll give it up for to-night."

He rode onward for half an hour, and then of a sudden came to a little opening in the forest, and in the middle of the opening was a small log cabin.



The youth brought the horse to a stop and looked meditatively toward the cabin.

The cabin might be empty.

Then again, it might have occupants who would be more dangerous than the trees of the forest, or the night-prowlers of said forest.

There was a chance, of course, that the inmates might be friendly.

Anyway, after due reflection, Dick decided to apply for lodging for the rest of the night.

He rode up to the cabin door, and dismounting, knocked.

There being no reply, he knocked again.

This time there was a response.

A sleepy voice called out, "Who's thar?"

"A friend," replied Dick.

The youth didn't know whether this was true or not, but thought he might as well claim that such was the case.

"Whut d'ye want?"

"I wish to stop the rest of the night with you."

"Who air ye?"

"A traveler."

"A trav'ler, hey?"

"Yes. I have lost my way."

"I wuz jes' ergoin' ter say ye wuz doin' sum mighty queer travelin', ergoin' through ther timber in this heer fashion, an' at this heer time uv night."

"I've heard that voice before, somewhere," thought Dick.

"I wonder where?"

He was soon to learn.

Presently the door opened, and as it was not a very dark night, the moon shining brightly, the youth recognized the man at once.

"Hello," he exclaimed; "is it you, Luke Wilson? I thought you were in Savannah long before this."

"Hullo," Wilson—for he it was—exclaimed. "Why, yer ther young feller whut wuz on ther islan'."

"So I am. But how comes it you are here?"

"W'y, I got 'em ter let me ershore, er couple uv miles down ther river, an' I walked hum."

"You live here, then?"

"Yas."

"And may I stay overnight?"

"Sart'inly."

"Good. Where will I tie my horse?"

"Thar's er shed aroun' ahind ther cabin."

Dick led Major around behind the cabin, and into the shed, and tied him. Then, removing the saddle and bridle, the youth went back and entered the cabin.

He was given a dirty blanket, and lying down upon it, on the floor, was soon asleep.

After breakfast, next morning, Wilson went with Dick, and guided him to the main road, leading south, toward Savannah. Thanking Wilson, Dick turned his horse's head toward the north, and rode away at a gallop.

"I think I will find the boys soon," he said to himself. And he did.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "WARM WORK IN THE TALL TIMBER."

Dick was an expert scout, and it was seldom that he was caught napping. When he had ridden perhaps five miles he made the discovery that there were redcoats ahead.

He brought Major to a stop, and dismounting, tied him, and moved forward cautiously.

"I'll see what the redcoats are doing here," he said to himself. "They must be up to some sort of mischief."

An hour of cautious, clever work had unraveled the mystery.

At the end of that time Dick understood the situation as well as if he had had a part in affairs from the beginning.

The "Liberty Boys" were on a knoll, half a mile distant, and the British, to the number of nearly three hundred, had the youths surrounded.

"I judge they have attacked the boys, and got the worst of it," thought Dick; "and have sent for reinforcements, so as to enable them to crush the boys by superior strength."

The captain of the "Liberty Boys" pondered the situation.

"They have the boys 'treed,' sure enough," he said to himself, "but I will take a hand in the affair, and will see if I cannot turn the tables on the redcoats."

After some thought, Dick mounted Major and dashed away, back down the road toward the south. A couple of miles in this direction, and then he turned to the left.

Four miles in this direction, and he came to an encampment of the patriots.

It was a portion of General Lincoln's army, and Dick went at once to the tent of the commander, a Colonel Hardwick.

"Good morning, Colonel Hardwick," said Dick.

"Good morning, Captain Slater."

The young "Liberty Boy" was well known in the camp, having been there several times before.



"Colonel Hardwick, I have come to ask you to do me a favor."

"If I can do it, Dick, I will," was the hearty reply, for the officer liked the handsome youth.

"I was sure of that, sir. Well, my 'Liberty Boys' are in trouble, and I wish you to help me get them out of it."

"The 'Liberty Boys' in trouble?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they?"

"About six miles from here."

"What is the trouble that they are in?"

"They are surrounded by a superior force of redcoats, sir."

"Surrounded?"

"Yes; the British have them practically 'treed,' and they cannot escape without running the risk of losing half their men, and that is something that I should hate to have, happen."

"Yes, indeed; and you want me to send some men to their relief."

"Yes, colonel, if you will be so kind."

"I shall be glad to do so, Dick."

"Thank you, sir."

"No thanks are necessary. You have been of great assistance to us, and I am only too glad to be able to do something in return."

"Then with your permission I will be away, with a part of your force at once."

"Take as many men as you think necessary, Dick."

"Very well, sir. I think two hundred will be plenty."

Just then a captain entered the tent, and Colonel Hardwick exclaimed:

"Ah, Captain Martin, you are just the man I wished to see."

"What do you wish with me, sir?"

"I want you to go with Captain Slater—you know him, I believe?"

"Yes, indeed," and the captain shook hands with Dick.

"Very well. Take two hundred men, and accompany Captain Slater. He will explain what is wanted as you go along. You will command my men, but will be subject to Captain Slater's orders."

"Very well, sir."

"Thank you, Colonel Hardwick," said Dick, and then, saluting, he and Captain Martin took their departure.

As they hastened to the captain's quarters, Dick explained the situation, and the officer was eager to go with the "Liberty Boy."

"I shall be glad of the chance to strike the scoundrels a

blow when they are not expecting it," he said. "We will get out and away as quickly as possible, for fear that the redcoats may make an attack on your 'Liberty Boys,' and do them serious damage."

Half an hour later two hundred patriot soldiers, under the leadership of Dick Slater and Captain Martin, rode out of the encampment and away toward the west.

They rode rapidly, and an hour later were as close to the British as they would dare venture on horseback.

They dismounted, and leading the horses deep into the timber, tied them.

"I guess the redcoats have not made an attack, for we have heard no sounds of musketry," said Captain Martin.

"No, I think we are in time," said Dick.

They moved cautiously forward, until they were within two hundred yards of the British, and then at the word from Dick, they dashed forward, yelling like mad, and the instant they were within musket-shot distance they opened fire.

The redcoats were taken by surprise, and only pausing long enough to fire one scattering volley, took to their heels and ran for their lives.

"We are attacked by an overwhelming force," was the cry. "Run for your lives."

And run for their lives they did.

Bob Estabrook and the "Liberty Boys" were wide awake, too, and the instant that they heard the yells, and saw the redcoats start to flee, they charged down the sides of the knoll like an avalanche, and fired after the fleeing enemy.

Things were certainly warm for a few minutes. The British yelled in terror as they fled, and the patriot soldiers yelled in delight and triumph, as they gave chase, while above all could be heard the battle cry of the "Liberty Boys": "Down with the king! Long live Liberty."

The British were completely routed. They kept on running, as long as they could be seen, and there was little danger that they would return.

"Hello, Dick," cried Bob, when he encountered his friend on the hillside, after the pursuit had been given up. "Where have you been, anyway?"

"Oh, I was chased by some British dragoons yesterday afternoon, Bob."

"I told the boys I'd wager you had gotten into some such trouble."

"Yes; they chased me over to the Savannah River, and forced me to leap Major over a bluff thirty feet high."

"Well, well, that beats anything I have heard of lately."



exclaimed Bob, when Dick had finished. "You have had some adventure, sure enough!"

"Yes; but what about you boys, Bob? How came you to be cooped up, on the hill?"

"Well, the redcoats 'treed' us there, Dick, and we couldn't get away; that's all there is to it. Of course, we could have made a dash, and half our number might have broken through and escaped, but we didn't want to do anything so desperate as that until forced by hunger to do so."

"What will you and your 'Liberty Boys' do, Dick?" asked Captain Martin, coming up at this moment. Will you go on, by yourselves, or come back with us?"

"I guess we will return with you, and I will learn from Colonel Hardwick what are the plans of General Lincoln. We wish to be on hand to help when the attack is made on Savannah, you know."

"True; well, I guess we might as well be moving. We can do nothing more here."

Several of the patriot soldiers had been wounded, but not so severely but what they could ride, and soon the force was on its way back to the patriot encampment.

When they reached there Colonel Hardwick was well pleased to learn of the success of the expedition. Then he told Dick that General Lincoln had sent word for him to come over to the main encampment, a mile distant.

So Dick went over there, at once, and was soon deep in conversation with General Lincoln.

He learned that the general wished him to venture into Savannah, on a spying expedition, and remembering Lucy Morton, and how she had asked him to be sure and see her, if he should come to Savannah, Dick was more than willing to go. Not that he was at all in love with Lucy. Dick had a sweetheart up in New York, in the person of Alice Estabrook, Bob's sister, but he was greatly interested in the strange case of the girl, who, seemingly a patriot maiden, was in reality the stolen daughter of an English nobleman, and the youth wished to know whether she would renounce her patriotic inclinations, in order to return to England and be a fine lady. Somehow he could not believe that such would be the case.

He took his departure, just at dusk, that evening, and managed to enter Savannah. He looked all around and found out what General Lincoln had wished him to learn, and this done, he made his way to the home of Lucy Morton. He scarcely expected to find her there, but she was. And she was delighted to see Dick, too, as was plainly evident.

Sir Henry was with her, and it looked as if he had settled down to remain for quite a while.

"I can't do a thing with Marguerite," he told Dick in confidence. "She won't listen to my taking her back to England. She says she is an American, and will live and die here, and I don't know what to do. She is patriotically inclined, too, and has almost got me converted."

"Perhaps she is in love with a patriot, sir," Dick suggested. Lucy was out of the room talking to a servant regarding serving some refreshments while this conversation was going on.

"I think you are right," said Sir Henry, "and he has been here already. He is a fine-looking fellow, by the name of Howard Falworth."

After the refreshments had been served, Dick bade the two good-night and took his departure. Lucy, of course, knew that Dick was in Savannah in the capacity of a spy, but her father did not, and she had not enough faith in his patriotism, as yet, to tell him.

After the close of the war Dick was in Savannah on business, and one day while walking along the street he saw a gentleman and a beautiful lady riding along in a carriage. The man he had never seen, but the woman he recognized as being the girl he had known as Lucy Morton, really Marguerite Nethersole, the daughter of Sir Henry Nethersole. The woman saw Dick, and recognized him, and calling him to the carriage, introduced him to her husband, Mr. Howard Falworth.

Dick was their guest during his stay in Savannah, and enjoyed himself greatly, for they showed him every possible attention, and did all they could to make it pleasant for him.

"But for you those scoundrels, Thornton and Barry, might have succeeded in putting Lucy out of the way," Mr. Falworth said. "We owe you more than we can ever repay, Mr. Slater."

THE END.

The next number (93) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' DARE; OR, BACKING THE BRITISH DOWN," by Harry Moore.

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